

45

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MAGAZINE







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**For thousands! Costs Little!**  
**You build new rugged muscles... then learn how to use them! No drudgery! It is quick... easy... and actually fun!**

If you are frail... weak... puny... and undeveloped, here is just what you need! **THE HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** shows you how to develop... of tough, rugged muscle... and then shows you how to use your new found strength in actual combat and body contact work. No need to be a "sissy" or a "softie" now.

## HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

With the **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** you start on preliminary training the very first day. In the first ten minutes you are taking a workout that starts you on the way to a rugged, handsome, powerful body. Every muscle in the body is given special attention. And it is all described with **COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHS** taken with high speed cameras so that you don't miss any action.

Naturally, your arms, chest, shoulders and neck get plenty of special attention. You've got to have a powerful upper body if you want to be a first-class fighting machine. This means a thick, **BULL-LIKE NECK**... **POWERFUL BROAD SHOULDERS**... **DEEP MASSIVE CHEST**... and **HEAVILY MUSCLED ARMS**. You get them all when you follow all of **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHODS** with its quick short cuts.

Next **STOMACH MUSCLES** come in for their full share of development. Just a few minutes each day and you can have that flat, rippling, washboard stomach that can take all kinds of heavy punishment. Last but not least, your **LEGS** get full workouts and developments on **THIGHS and CALVES**.

**THE HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** gives you actual combat and body contact workouts. It shows you how to be a **ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTER**... where no holds are barred! You get all the tricks of offensive and defensive fighting. You learn how to handle yourself in modern **JUDO and JIU-JITSU**. To round out your knowledge you also learn **BONE CRUSHING WRESTLING TECHNIQUES**. And last but not least, you get full and

thorough instructions on **BOXING**. You know how to handle your duking in quick easy lessons.

In addition, you are supplied with full information on how to **GAIN WEIGHT**... **HOW TO REDUCE**... **COMBAT and BODY CONTACT TRICKS** that make you a winner every time... charts of **VULNERABLE BODY SPOTS**. How to use or break **STRONG HOLDS, DISARMING OPPONENTS, BLOCKING DIRTY BLOWS**. Effective use of **HEAD and FEET** in combat. And scores of other... all completely illustrated in **SLOW MOTION PICTURE "SHOTS"**.

### LIMITED OFFER—ACT NOW!

The entire **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** costs but \$3.95. How long it can hold at this price... we honestly don't know! So why take chances. Send for your outfit today. Send no money now. Just fill out the coupon below with your name and address (on a post card) and the complete **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** will be sent out by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only \$3.95 plus postal charges. Write today!

**\$ 3.95**  
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 Please rush me the complete **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.95 plus postal charges when package arrives.

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**TRAINING AND EXERCISE TIPS**  
**HOW TO GAIN WEIGHT**  
**HOW TO REDUCE**  
**CHARTS ON VULNERABLE SPOTS**  
**ADVANCE COMBAT TRICKS**



# STEEL STERLING

in

I COMMAND YOU, TO **THROW** CLANCY, YOUR BEST FRIEND OUT THE WINDOW, **STEEL STERLING!**

YES, MASTER!

# ZOMBIES



CLANCY  
FOR



THIS ALL BEGAN, WITH CLANCY IN HIS UNDERWEAR...



CLANCY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN WALKING INTO HEADQUARTERS THAT WAY!

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?... WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME? I'M SERGEANT MULLIGAN, REMEMBER?



I'M AFRAID THIS MAN CAN'T TALK!

IS HE SLEEPWALKING? HAS HE GOT AMNESIA?

ACCORDING TO MEDICAL SCIENCE, HE'S DEAD! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE'S WALKING AROUND!

POOR CLANCY! HE'S DEAD AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT!



THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO! I'M A POLICE SURGEON NOT A VODOO DOCTOR! I CAN'T BRING ZOMBIES BACK TO LIFE!



BUT, DOC, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

BURY HIM! IT'S THE DECENT THING TO DO!

HOW DID CLANCY GET INTO THIS TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT? WHAT'S HAPPENED? FOR THE ANSWER WE MUST RETURN TO A DARK NIGHT IN THE STEAMING HAITIAN JUNGLE, REEKING OF MYSTERY AND THE STRANGE RITES OF FORBIDDEN MAGIC...



SHOOT SEVEN!

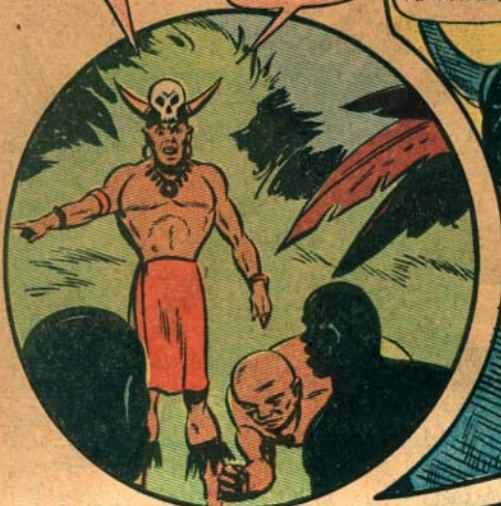
YOU'RE FADED!



ENOUGH OB  
DIS FOOLISHNESS!  
WE'S GOT WORK  
TO DO!

BESIDES,  
AH AIN'T  
GOT NO  
MORE  
MONEY!

AH CALLS DE SOCIETY  
OB ZOMBIE MAKERS TO  
ORDUH, WE IS HERE TO  
PASS JUDGMENT ON ONE OB  
OUAH MEMBERS...BY NAME,  
AMWALLI!



HE IS ACCUSED OF DE  
WUST CRIME IN DE WHOLE  
BOOK, HE'S DONE MADE  
ZOMBIES THAT DON'T  
STAY DEAD!



WHUT IS  
YO'  
VERDICT?

**GUILTY!**



AMWALLI, YO' HAS  
DISGRACED DE SECRET ORDUH  
OF ZOMBIE-MAKERS, GIT YO'SELF  
HENCE, AN' DON'T EVER TRY  
TO COME BACK HEAH  
AGAIN!



REMEMBAH WHUT WILL  
HAPPEN IF YO' EVER TRIES  
TO MAKE ZOMBIES AGAIN...  
WIF OUT PERMISSION FROM  
DE UNION!

THEY'LL BE  
SORRY FOR  
THIS!



AMWALLI! WON'T FORGET  
HOW THEY CAST HIM OUT  
TO STARVE IN THE JUNGLE,  
JUST BECAUSE I  
CAN'T MAKE ZOMBIES  
THE WAY THEY  
DO!



BUT I **WON'T** STOP  
MAKING ZOMBIES, IF I CAN'T  
WORK HERE IN HAITI, I'LL  
GO TO A LAND WHERE THEY  
BELIEVE IN FREE ENTERPRISE!  
I'LL GO TO AMERICA!





LET US LOOK IN ON AMWALLI EXACTLY ONE YEAR LATER...

**S**O, AMWALLI, OUTCAST, THOUGH HE WAS, NEVER KNEW THE PANGS OF POVERTY...  
**NO!**  
THIS WAS THE TURNING POINT IN HIS CAREER! AMERICA PROVED A SURPRISINGLY FRUITFUL LAND FOR A MAKER OF ZOMBIES





HARVEY WAS A PROFESSIONAL STRONG MAN IN CIRCUS, NOW HE IS A MOST USEFUL SERVANT...  
**THROW THIS MAN OUT, HARVEY!**

YES, MASTER!

THE HECK YOU WILL! I'M LOCKIN' YOU **BOTH** UP!

I'M AFRAID HARVEY, MY ZOMBIE HAS NO RESPECT FOR THE LAW!

LEGGO! OR I'LL SHOOT!

YOU MAY GO NOW, HARVEY!

YES, MASTER!

THIS AMWALLI IS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! BUT I KNOW JUST THE GUY TO HANDLE HIM!

AMWALLI  
EMPLOYMENT SERVICE  
DANGEROUS JOBS OUR SPECIALTY

SLAM

SOMETIME LATER CLANCY RETURNS, WITH STEEL STERLING---

I COULDA HANDLED THIS CASE ALONE! BUT I FIGURED YOU MIGHT WANT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!

THERE'S THE GUY, STEEL!

YOU, AGAIN!



THIS TIME DO NOT BE SO GENTLE, HARVEY!

THAT'S HIS MUSCLE MAN, STEEL!

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS FELLOW! HE ACTS LIKE A ZOMBIE!

THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S REALLY A ZOMBIE!

IF HE ISN'T ALREADY A DEAD MAN, THIS PUNCH OUGHT TO KILL HIM!

BUT HARVEY QUICKLY RECOVERS FROM STERLING'S PULVERIZING PUNCH..

SNAP THAT ZOMBIE OUT OF HIS TRANCE, YOU GHOUL... OR I'LL SHAKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!





AND FURTHERMORE, STAND  
I'M GOING TO  
SEE TO IT, YOU  
NEVER MAKE  
ANOTHER  
ZOMBIE  
AGAIN!

BACK,  
HARVEY!

YOU CAN'T DO  
THAT, STERLING!  
MY MOTIVES ARE  
PURELY PATRIOTIC!  
LET ME EXPLAIN!

I ONLY MAKE ZOMBIES OUT OF  
SLACKERS AND DRAFT DODGERS,  
AND PUT 'EM TO WORK! THAT  
WAY I HELP EASE THE LABOR  
SHORTAGE!..



AND THAT'S  
THE TRUTH..  
SO HELP ME..  
A DRINK OF  
WATER,  
GENTLEMEN!

I DON'T KNOW!  
HIS STORY SOUNDS  
FISHY TO ME,  
CLANCY!

AW, STEEL!  
YOU'VE GOT A  
SUSPICIOUS NATURE  
IF HE WUZ LYIN'  
I'D SPOT IT IN  
A MINUTE!



AH! YOU ARE  
A SHREWD JUDGE  
OF HUMAN NATURE!  
IF MY LITTLE HOBBY  
IS AGAINST THE LAW,  
REST ASSURED, THERE  
WILL BE NO MORE  
ZOMBIES!

G..GOSH,  
STEEL, I  
FEEL  
FUNNY!

S.. SO  
DO I,  
CLANCY!

YOU FOOLS!  
YOU FELL FOR  
MY TRICK!  
YOU ARE MY  
ZOMBIES  
NOW, YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

YES,  
MASTER!

YES,  
MASTER!







I WISH THOSE OTHER ZOMBIE MASTERS COULD SEE ME NOW! THEY WOULDN'T BE SO QUICK TO THROW ME OUT OF THEIR UNION!



I CAN MAKE ZOMBIES FASTER THAN ANYB...  
UGGHHH-



SO YOU TRIED TO MAKE A ZOMBIE OUT OF ME, YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK?

HARVEY, LISTEN TO ME! I'M NOT SUCH A BAD FELLOW WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW ME BETTER!



I KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH! NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE A REAL DEAD MAN OUT OF YOU!

RISE, ZOMBIES! SAVE ME!



YES, MASTER!



THE SAME TROUBLE AGAIN! I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE ZOMBIES THAT WILL STAY THAT WAY! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE OTHERS START COMING BACK TO LIFE!



ULP!

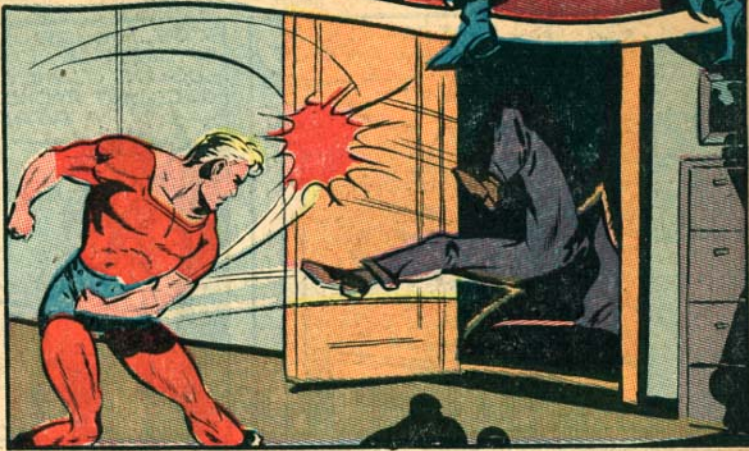


YOU BEEN MAKIN' ZOMBIES AGAIN! YOU KNOWS DE PUNISHMENT FO' BREAKIN' DE LAWS OF DE UNION, AMWALLI!

NO!

DON'T LET HIM GET ME! STOP HIM!

YES, MASTER!



AH IS TOP ZOMBIE-MAKER IN DE BUSINESS! AH ORDERS YOU TO STOP!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! YOU'RE MY ZOMBIE!

YO' NEVER WAS A MATCH FO' A REAL ZOMBIE MAKER! TAKE YO' VENGEANCE, ZOMBIE!

NO!... I MAKE YOU A ZOMBIE! I CAN SET YOU FREE AGAIN! DJUBUTA! DAMBALLA OJEDA!





AS THE MAGIC SYLLABLES ARE PRONOUNCED, STEEL STERLING IS FREED OF THE ZOMBIE CHARM.

SO! YOU MADE A ZOMBIE OUT OF ME, EH?

MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA!



I'LL JUST DRIVE THAT LESSON HOME!



CLANCY'S DISAPPEARED! HE PROBABLY WANDERED AWAY DURING THE FIGHTING!



I'LL LOOK FOR CLANCY LATER, YOU'RE OVERDUE AT THE POLICE STATION!



STEEL! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR A LAST LOOK AT CLANCY... THE DOC JUST PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD!



SPEAK YOUR PIECE, AMWALLI!

D. DJUBUTA!  
D. DAMBALLA  
OUEDA!



GOSH! I MUSTA BEEN ASLEEP!... OR, WAS I?

LOCK THIS GUY UP! AND DON'T TAKE ANYTHING HE OFFERS YOU TO DRINK!



GEE STEEL! DO YOU THINK AMWALLI REALLY KNOWS HOW TO MAKE ZOMBIES?



HE'LL BE A LOT SAFER IN JAIL! WE CAN THANK OUR LUCKY STARS, THAT HE'S ONE ZOMBIE MAKER, WHO NEVER LEARNED HIS TRADE TOO WELL!





# Senior

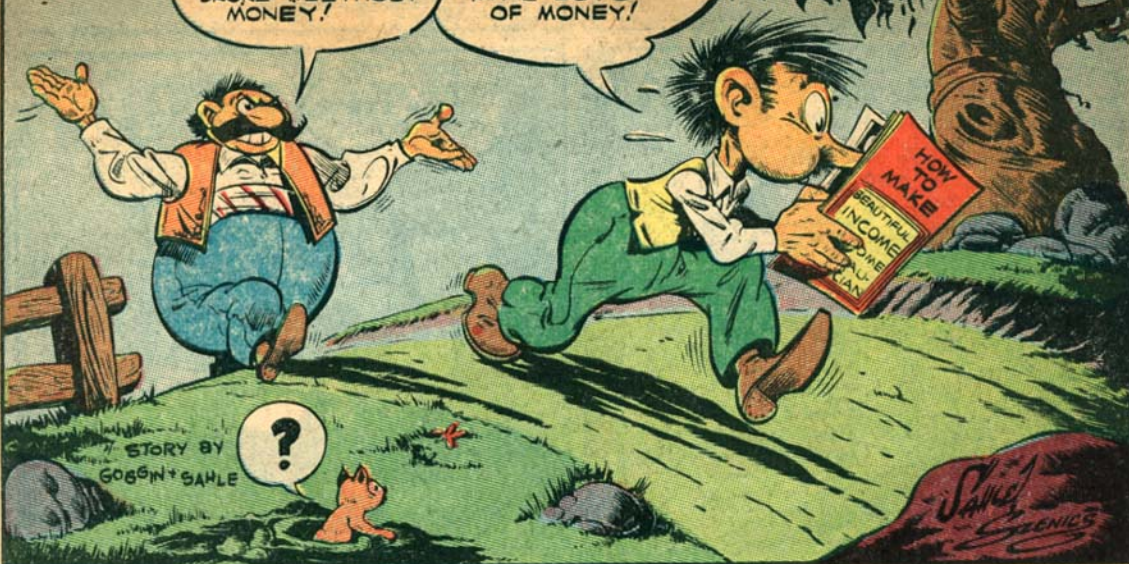
JM

# THE GOLDEN BEAUTY SHOPPE

# BANANA

BAH! YOU MAKE ME SEECK IN THE HEAD! AGAIN WE ARE BROKE WEEHOUT MONEY!

BUT SOON, MAYBE WE WEELL BE REECH AGAIN! THEESE BOOK SAYS, BEAUTICIANS MAKE LOTS OF MONEY!



STORY BY  
GOGGIN & SAHLE

?

SAHLE  
SCENICS



WHAT? LET ME SEE THAT!!



BANANA, I HAVE THE SPLENDID IDEA! WE'RE NOW BEAUTICIANS!

SI. STENCHO! AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO START!

EET EES MADE TO ORDER! OF COURSE WEEH A FEW MINOR CHANGES!

LET'S YOU GET TO WORK!







YE GOLDEN BEAUTY ZHOPPE

HAIR CUT? WILE U WAIT

SEÑOR, WE ARE READY FOR THE BUSINESS!

WAIT! WE HAVE NO SPECIAL CREAMS AND TONICS AND STUFF!

YE GOLDEN MUD BATH



OH, HO... YES WE DO... RIGHT HERE EEN THESE POT!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS, PUT LABELS ON THE BOTTLES... AND PRESTO! WE ARE EEN BEEZNESS!



YOU ARE A SMART MAN TO THEENK OF THEES! ...YES!?

OF COURSE! (AHEM) I HAVE BRAINS!

HAIR RESHORTEN 35¢

HAIR TONIC

HAIR REMOVER

SCALP CRL



SOON WE WEEL BE REECH WEETH MONEY!

GET READY, STENCHO... HERE THEY COME!

YE GOLDEN BEAUTY ZHOPPE OPEN



I WOULD LIKE TO BE STREAM-LINED... YOU KNOW... LOSE A FEW POUNDS!

YOU CERTAINLY SHOULD... ER... I MEAN STEP THEES WAY!

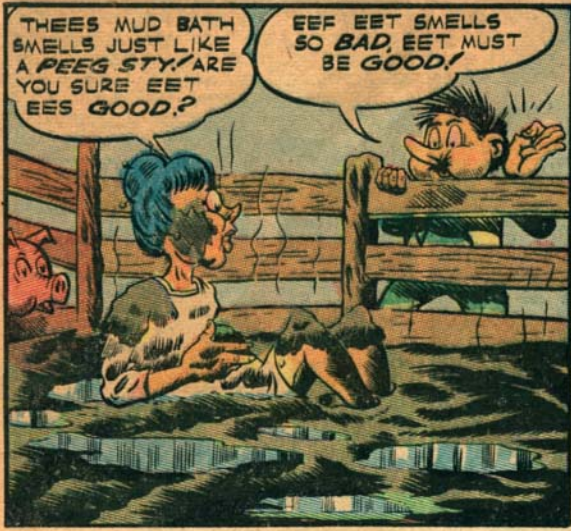


THEES SEEMS PUFF) TO BE AN ODD WAY TO REDUCE!! (PUFF) ARE YOU SURE EET WORKS?

AH... BUT YES... EET EES GUARANTEE... EET WAS DESIGNED BY THE GREAT RUSSIAN EENVENTOR... PROFESSOR WALKOFF! GIDDAP, STRUMBERRY!

REDUCIN MACHINE





THEES MUD BATH SMELLS JUST LIKE A PEEG STY! ARE YOU SURE EET EES GOOD?

EET EET SMELLS SO BAD, EET MUST BE GOOD!



YOU WEEL NOT HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR YOUR EGG SHAMPOO!

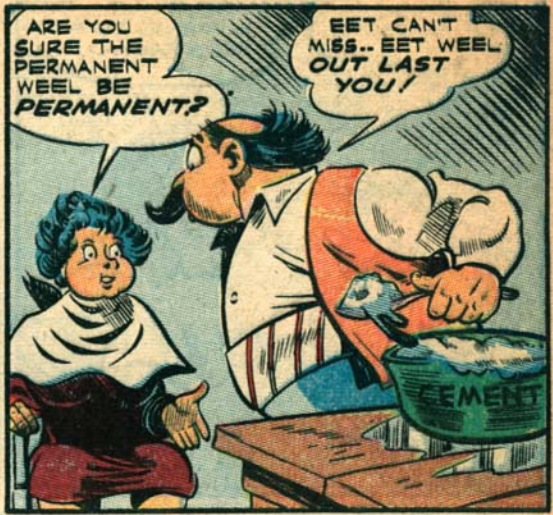
WHAT KIND OF METHOD EES EET?



KKKAWww...  
B.KAW. BAW. B.KAW

ONLY THE LATEST!  
NO ONE DOES EET LIKE US!!

PLOP!



ARE YOU SURE THE PERMANENT WEEL BE PERMANENT?

EET CAN'T MISS.. EET WEEL OUT LAST YOU!



THERE! EET EES FEENISH!

EET FEELS HEAVY LIKE A BLOCK OF CEMENT!



HAVE YOU A MIRROR? I WEESH TO SEE HOW I LOOK...



YOU LOOK JUST LIKE THEES! TAKE MY WORD FOR EET!

OH.. I AM LOVELY! BEAUTIFUL... AHH...





MEANWHILE...

REMEMBER.. I JUST WANTED A TRIM...!



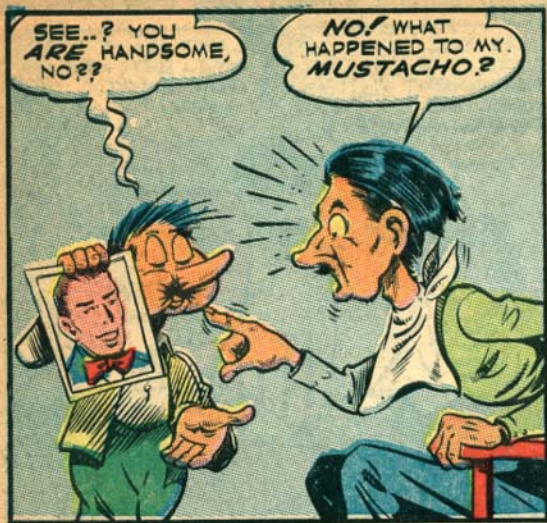
WHAT A TRIMMING YOU GOT!

GOOD! LET ME SEE MYSELF!



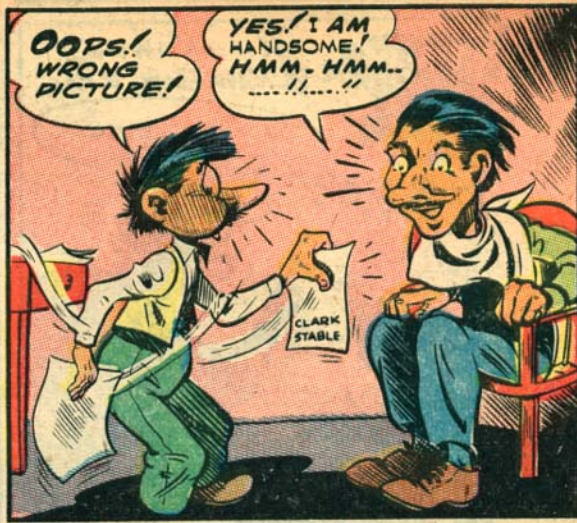
WE ARE FRESH OUT OF MIRRORS! BUT YOU LOOK JUST LIKE THESE!

PHOTOS MIRRORS



SEE...? YOU ARE HANDSOME, NO??

NO! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MUSTACHO?



OOPS! WRONG PICTURE!

YES! I AM HANDSOME! HMM.. HMM...!!

CLARK STABLE



HOW LONG MUST I WAIT FOR A SHAVE?

COME BACK IN ABOUT TEN YEARS, SONNY!



I WOULD LIKE THE HAIRCUT, BUT CAN'T WAIT!

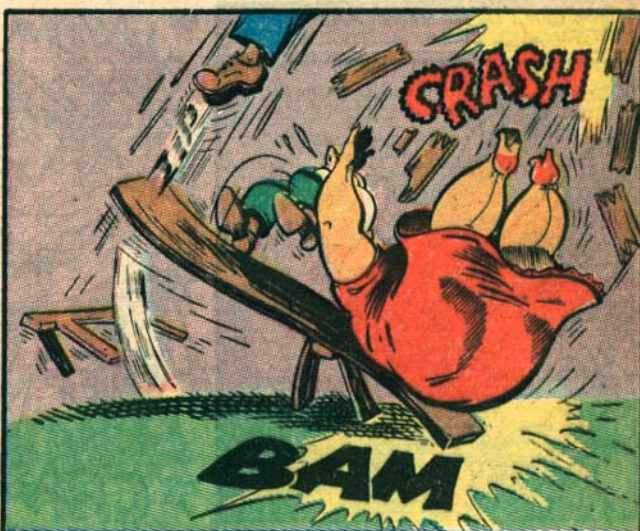
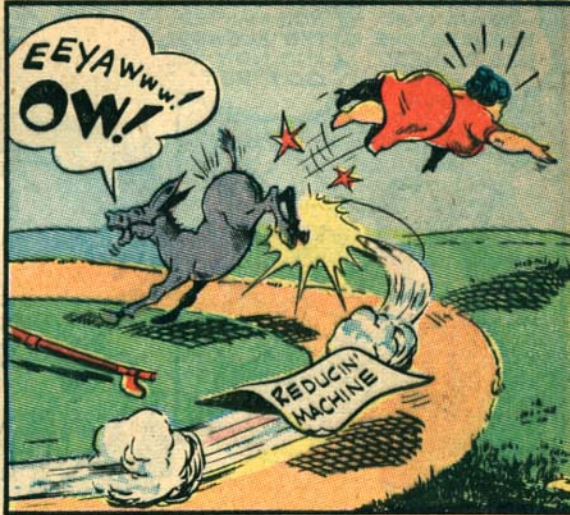
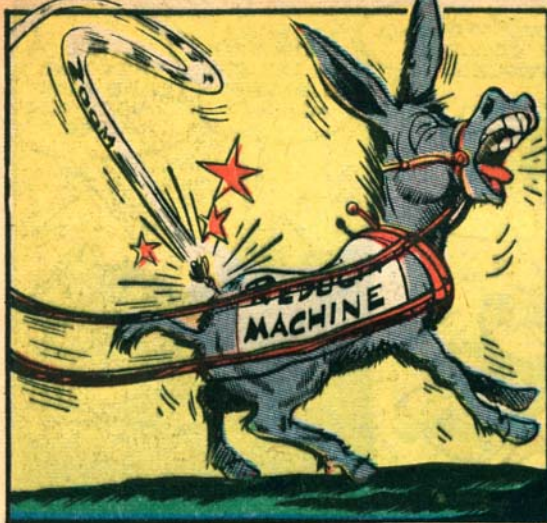
CAN'T WAIT...?



HOW CAN YOU GET THE HAIRCUT WEETHOUT WAITING?

HERE'S MY WIG! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!





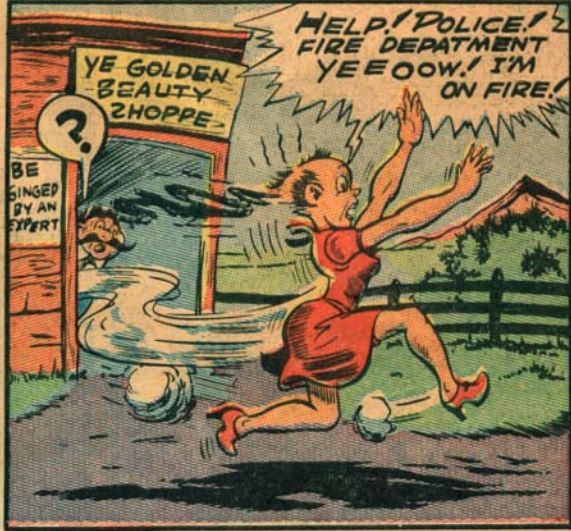




YEOW!  
GET OUT!  
THEES EES  
PRIVATE!

YE GOLDEN  
MUD BATH

**PLOP**



HELP! POLICE!  
FIRE DEPARTMENT  
YEE OOW! I'M  
ON FIRE!

YE GOLDEN  
BEAUTY  
SHOPPE

BE  
SINGED  
BY AN  
EXPERT



BAH! OUR  
BUSINESS/SHE IS  
EES RUINED/  
EET EES ALL  
YOUR  
FAULT!

YOU WANTED  
THE BUSINESS,  
AND NOW YOU  
GOT EET!



LOOK! STENCHO,  
THE CROWD OF  
PEOPLE...



HURRAY!  
WE ARE EEN  
BUSINESS  
AGAIN!

MAYBE  
THEY HAVE  
COME BACK  
WEETH OUR  
TEEPS!

OH.OH... IF BANANA AND  
STENCHO ONLY KNEW...



**SOCK**  
**ON**  
**POW**  
**BIFF**  
**BAM**  
**CRASH**



WHEW... WHAT  
WAS EET? A  
TORNADO,  
OR WHAT?

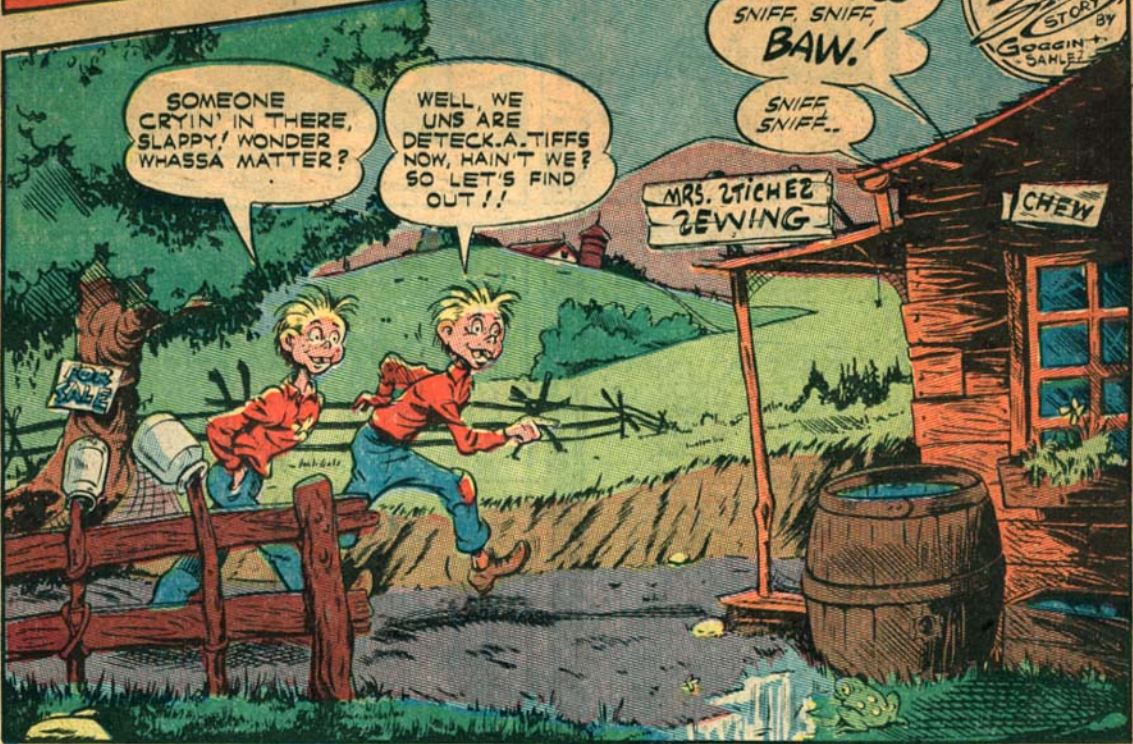
EET WAS  
GRATITUDE  
FOR MAKING  
THEM  
BEAUTIFUL!



# The SLAP HAPPY

# APPLE JACKS

By SAMLEY  
STORY By  
GOGGIN & SAMLEY



SOMEONE CRYIN' IN THERE, SLAPPY! WONDER WHASSA MATTER?

WELL, WE UNS ARE DETECK.A.TIFFS NOW, HAIN'T WE? SO LET'S FIND OUT !!

BOO HOO  
SNIFF, SNIFF,  
BAW!

SNIFF  
SNIFF...



BOO HOO!

GARSH... WHUT'S WRONG WIFF YOU.. WHUT'S ALL TH' BAWLIN' ABOUT ?

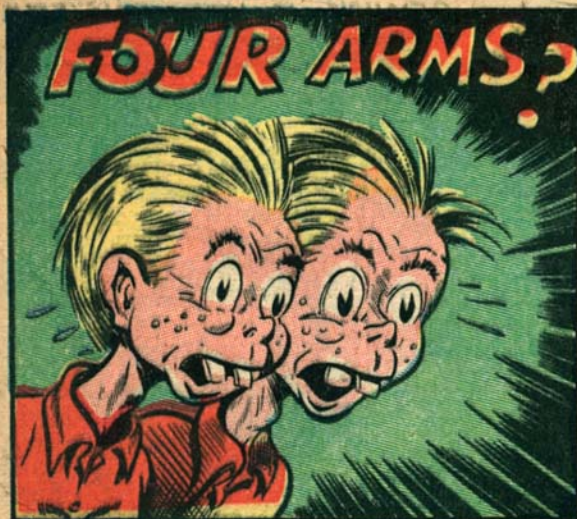
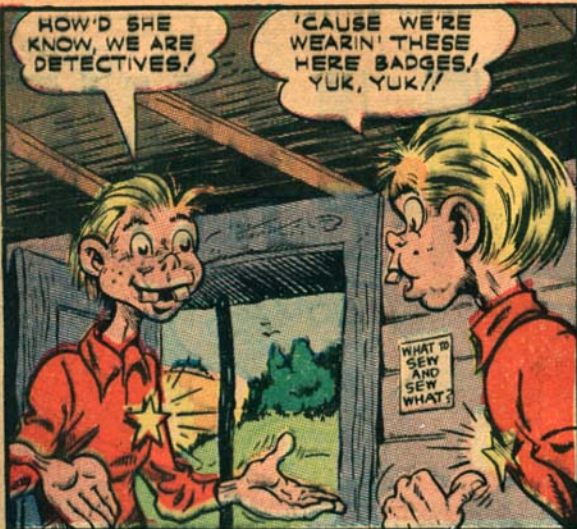
SNIFF... MY HUSBAND'S BIN MISSIN'... I THINK HE (SNIFF) LEFT ME... BOO-HOO.



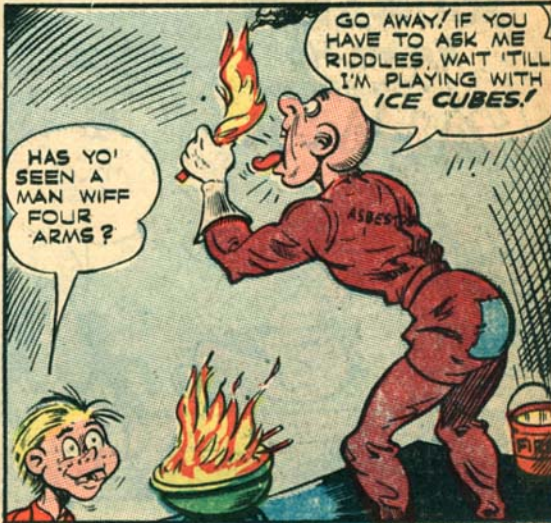
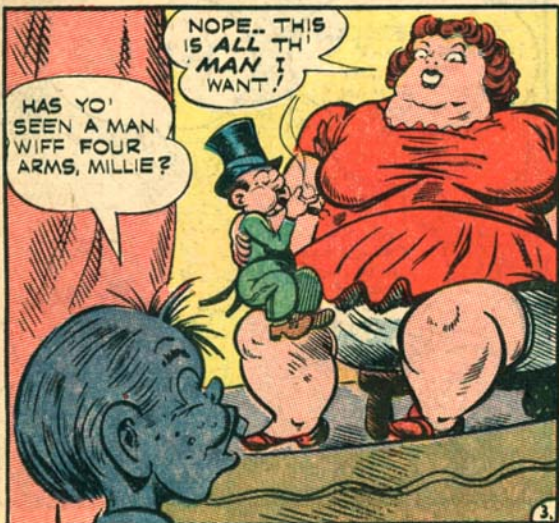
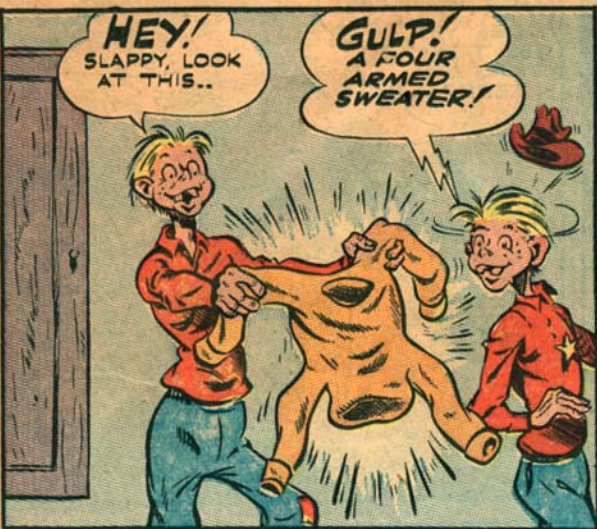
WILL YO' TWO BRIGHT DETECTIVES FIND HIM FER ME? I'LL REWARD YO' WELL!

THASS WHUT WE'RE DETECTIVES FER... FER DETECTIVIN' !!

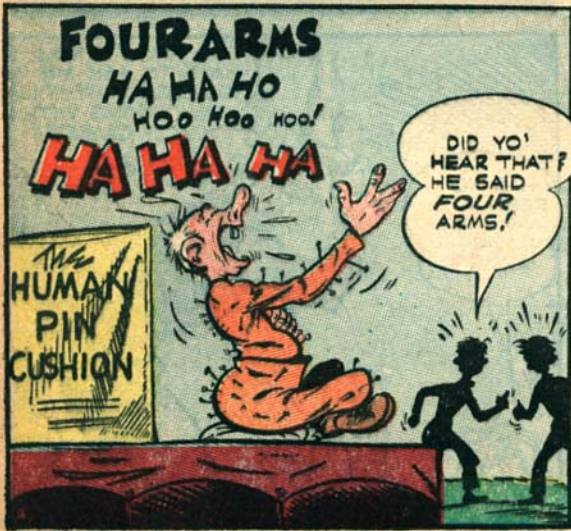
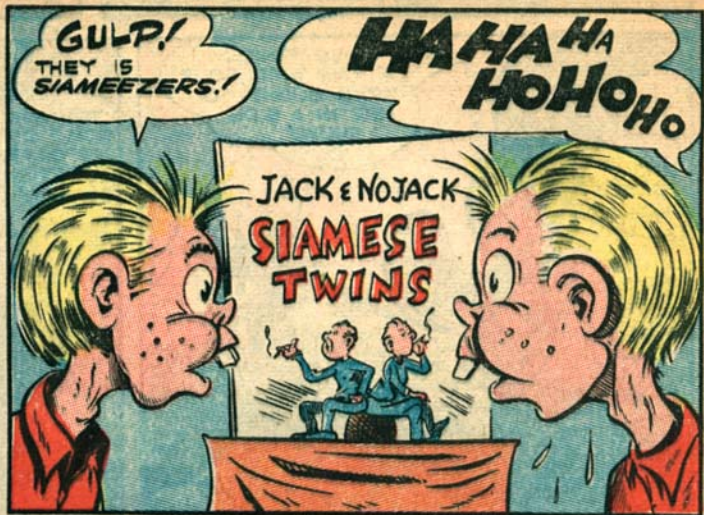














MISTER PIN CUSHION, WHUT DOES YO' KNOW ABOUT TH' MAN WIFF **FOUR ARMS?**

WELL, IT'S JUST THAT HIS WIFE **THINKS** HE HAS **FOUR ARMS!** SOMETIMES **SIX!**



YO'D BETTER COME WIFF US!!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! BUT I'D LIKE T' STOP OFF AT MY HOUSE FER SOME CLOTHES.. BUT **NO SWEATERS!**



WUFFO IS YO' AGIN' SWEATERS? **SAY!**

HAPPY.. WE BIN HYAR B'FO' HAIN'T WE?

HOPE MAH WIFE HAIN'T T' HOME! AH BIN THROUGH ENOUGH TORTURE!



**SURP DARLING!**

BUT YO' SAID YO' HUSBAND HAD TATOOS ON HIS **FOUR ARMS!**

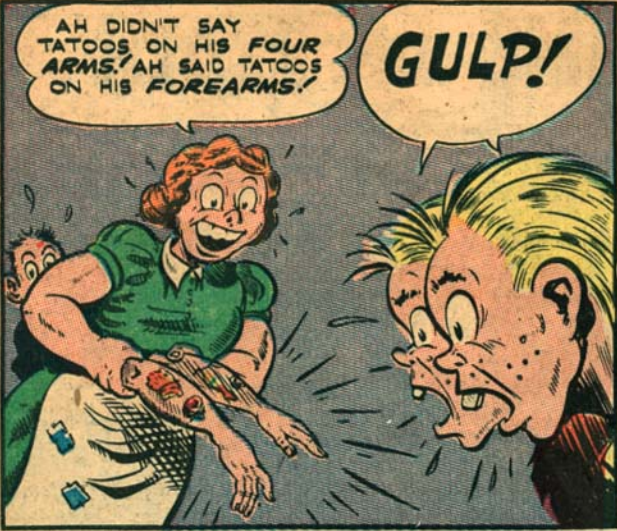
HOW COME HE ONLY HAS **TWO ARMS?**



THANK YO' BOYS! YO' FOUND MAH **LOST HUSBAND!**

**HUSBAND?**





AH DIDN'T SAY TATOOS ON HIS **FOUR ARMS.** AH SAID TATOOS ON HIS **FOREARMS!**

**GULP!**



WELL, MRS. STITCHES, WE HAS RETURNED YORE LOST HUSBAND TO YO'!

AH'M GLAD, 'CAUSE HE'S MY FAVORITE MODEL... I'VE STUCK MORE PINS IN HIM, THAN A HEN HAS FEATHERS!



TH' REASON AH PUT **FOUR ARMS** IN TH' SWEATERS IS, 'CAUSE AH GOT **TWO O' TH' SAME LESSONS** !!

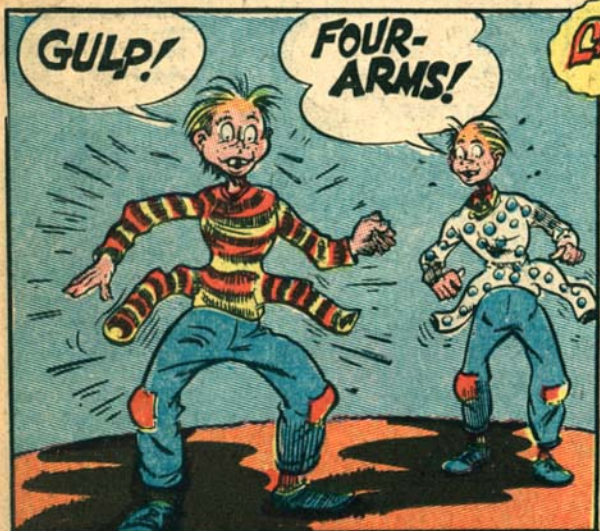
WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD YO' GOT YO' **DUMMY** BACK... NOW YO' CAN GIT BACK INTA BUSINESS!



HERE IS TH' **REWARD** AH PROMISED YO' !!

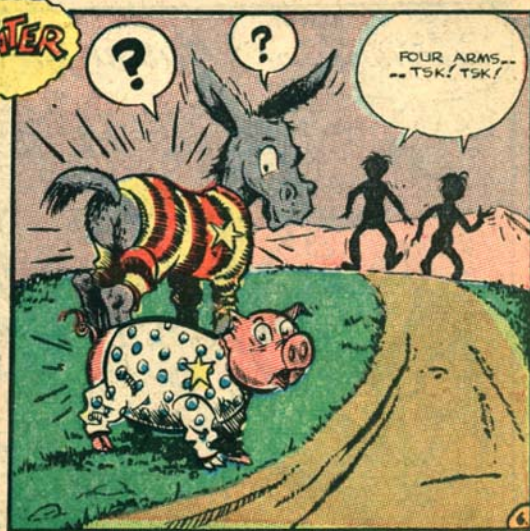
THANKS, MA'M... WE SHORE APPREE. SHEE, ATE IT!

LE'S GO NOW, SLAPPY!



**GULP!**

**FOUR-ARMS!**



**LATER**

?

?

FOUR ARMS... TSK! TSK!



# SWEET DREAMS OF DEATH

By PEN SHUMAKER

**JOHN MASON**, private detective, didn't like it.

Linda Gordon had gone to spend the week-end at the apartment of Margaret Moore, the singer, in another city. She'd gone there to discuss Miss Moore's appearance at the forthcoming Society Relief Ball, and that's all there was to it. Margaret Moore, at 45, was well-known as a stiff-backed, respectable to the nth degree woman, and Linda had anticipated a dull three days.

And then, on the very evening Linda had arrived at Margaret Moore's apartment, John had received a phone call from her. Her voice, low and frightened, had said, "come at once! Something terrible's happened."

So, John didn't like it. He leaped into his car and drove down to Margaret Moore's apartment. The moment he entered the door, he liked it less.

Police were scattered all around the place. There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Linda Gordon.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Lieutenant Brady of Homicide was there too, and he knew Mason. Brady smiled. "No use, Mason," he said. "This case is cut and dried."

Mason looked at him, his eyes puzzled. "What case?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Brady

asked. "This blonde girl-friend of yours here just knocked off Margaret Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform. . . ."

"What," Mason said, "makes you think Linda Gordon did it?"

Brady's eyebrows lifted. He said, "Well, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform, and you happen to spot a week-end guest's luggage open with a bottle of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," Mason said. He turned to Linda. "What about that chloroform, Sugar?"

Linda looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

Brady guffawed. "That's what they all say. . . ."

"Easy, Brady," Mason said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Gordon. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," Brady said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall and entered a room. Mason followed

him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" Mason asked.

"Right," said Brady. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Brady. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"Blamed if I can tell you," Brady said. "I didn't know the dame personal." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea. As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who *really* killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. Mason looked them over.

One, Linda Gordon. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And



four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

Mason turned his gaze on Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Lieutenant Brady. Was Miss Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she answered. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always locked."

Mason nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

Mason rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

Mason knew the reason.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Linda Gordon has spent weekends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Gordon always appeared at Miss Moore's society benefits, and Miss Gordon stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss

Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

Mason smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you are driving at."

"You will in a minute." He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she answered.

"There's your murderer, Lieutenant Brady," Mason said.

Brady scratched his head and looked vague.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over Brady's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be attributed to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the window

to let the smell go out—and in doing so made the mistake which is going to send her to the gallows. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is air conditioned!"

Mason paused and looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Linda's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Linda's room as Linda slept, and put the chloroform into Linda's overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," Brady said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and she smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

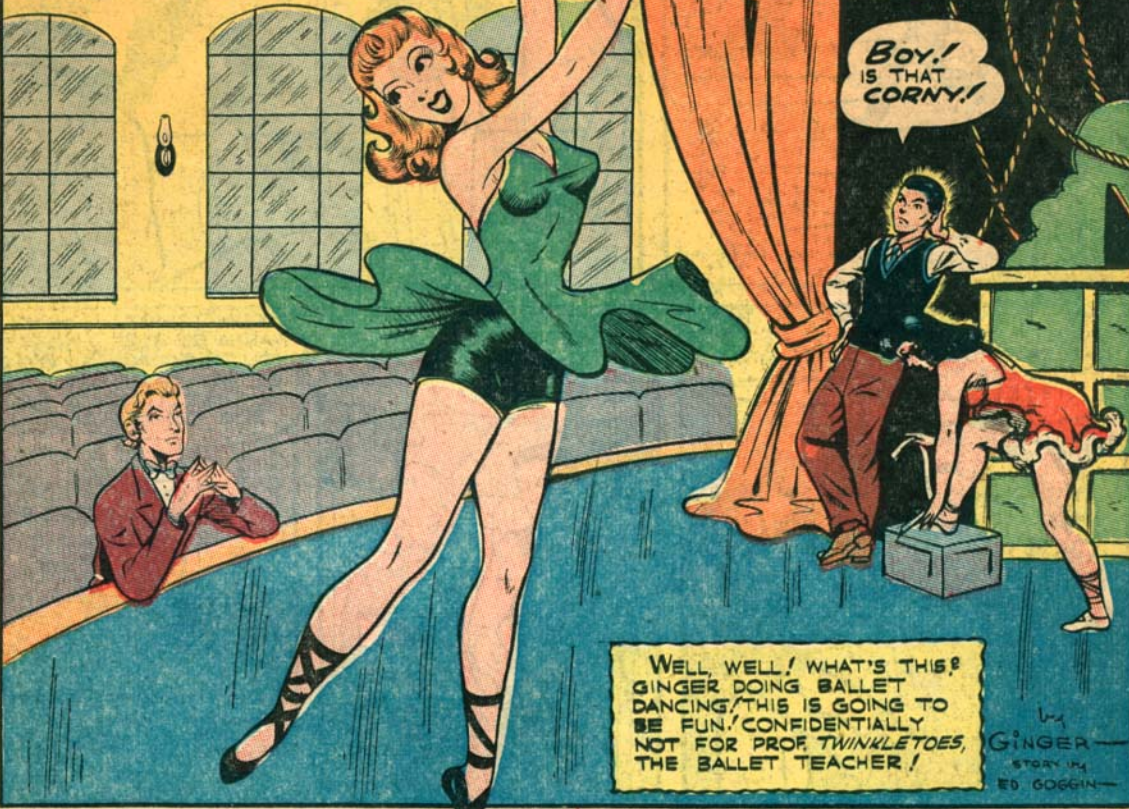
"Well, there it is," Mason said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said, wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. *I did!*"

"All right, Brady," Mason said. "Take the cuffs off Miss Gordon—and duck! She looks as if she's going to sock you—and darned if I won't stand around and applaud while she does."



# Ginger



Boy!  
IS THAT  
CORNY!

WELL, WELL! WHAT'S THIS?  
GINGER DOING BALLET  
DANCING? THIS IS GOING TO  
BE FUN! CONFIDENTIALLY  
NOT FOR PROF. TWINKLETOES,  
THE BALLET TEACHER!

by  
GINGER  
STORY BY  
ED GOGGIN



VERY GOOD, MISS  
SNAPP! KEEP  
PRACTICING! I'LL  
BE BACK SOON!



WHEW...  
WHAT A  
WORKOUT!

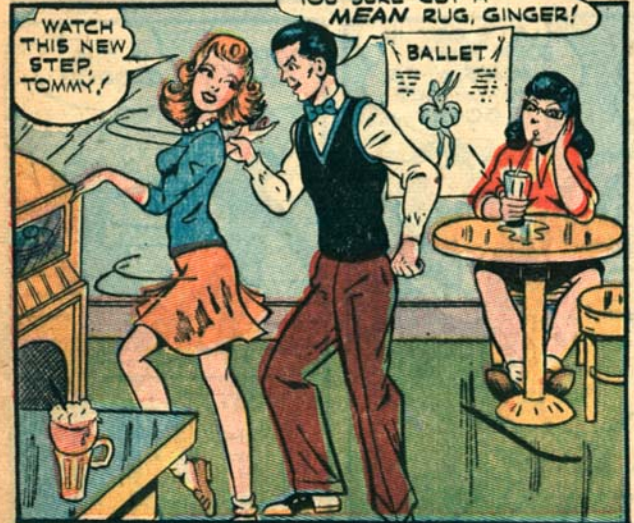
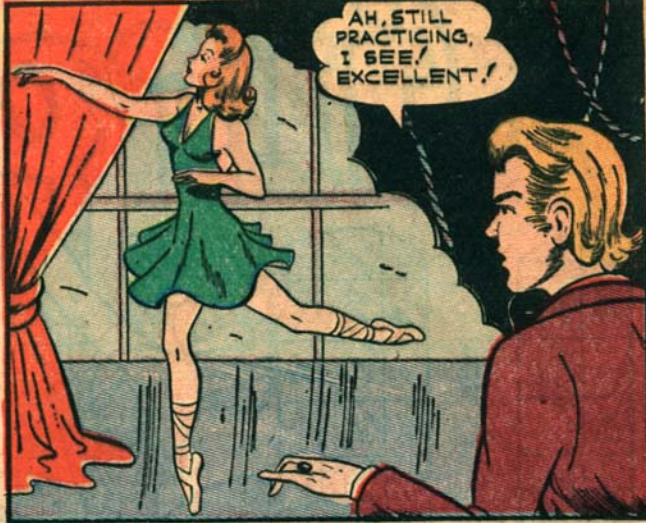
LET'S GET IN  
SOME HOT  
LICKS, WHILE  
TWINKLETOES  
IS GONE!



YEAH  
MAN!

IN THE  
GROOVE!









WHY, GINGER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??



OH! AH... ER... I WAS TRYING TO FIX A CRAMP IN MY BACK!! HEH, HEH!

WHY YOU POOR CHILD! PROBABLY YOU'VE PRACTICED TOO STRENUOUSLY FOR THE BALLET! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME, AND REST AWHILE!

OH BROTHER!



MY, WHAT AN AMBITIOUS GIRL!

A LIME PHOSPHATE! NOT TOO STRONG, PLEASE!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WELL, WE GOTTA PRACTICE SOME TIME!

WELL, GEE, MAYBE I SHOULD REST AT THAT!

I KNEW IT! YOU'RE FALLING FOR THAT LONG HAIR!



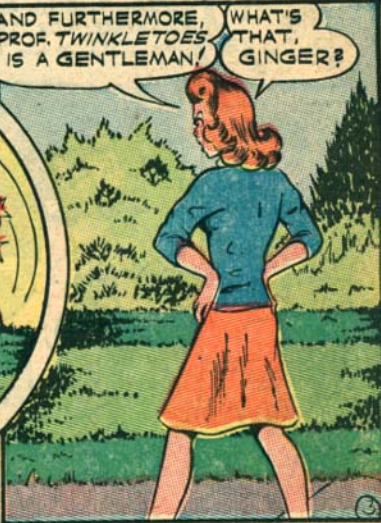
ACT YOUR AGE! YOU'LL MAKE A S@P OF YOURSELF!

WHY, TOMMY BRENT!



THIS'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO TALK TO A LADY!

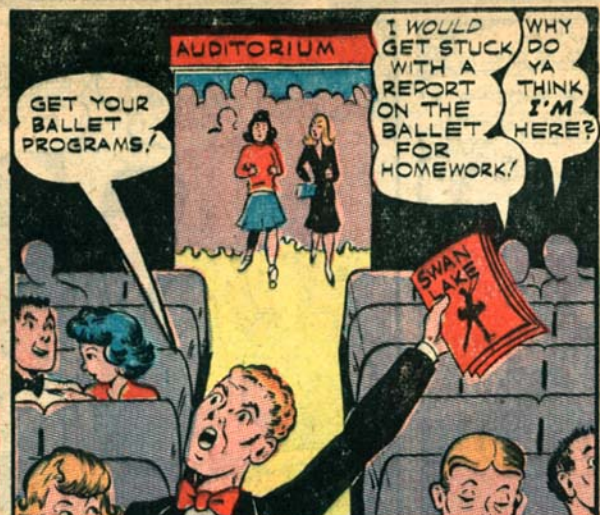
SPLAT!



AND FURTHERMORE, PROF. TWINKLETOES, IS A GENTLEMAN!

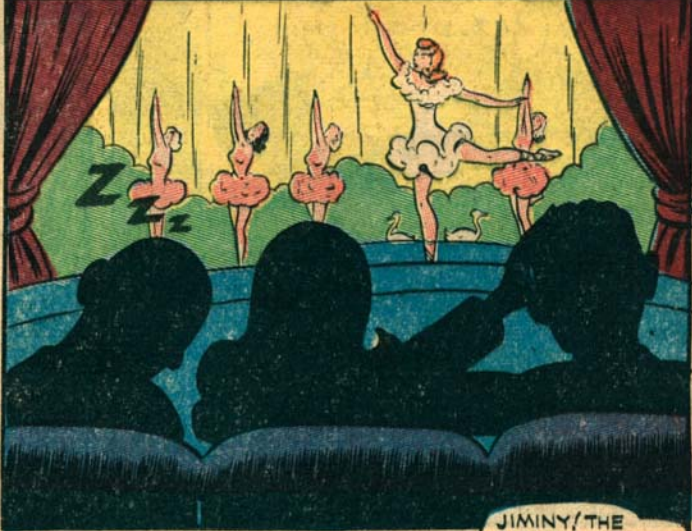
WHAT'S THAT, GINGER?







AND SO... ON WITH THE BALLET..



(GULP) SWING MUSIC!



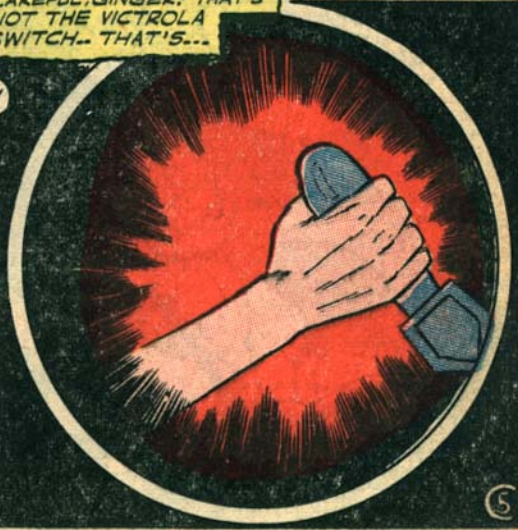
JIMINY! THE WHOLE BALLET'S SWINGING IT OUT!



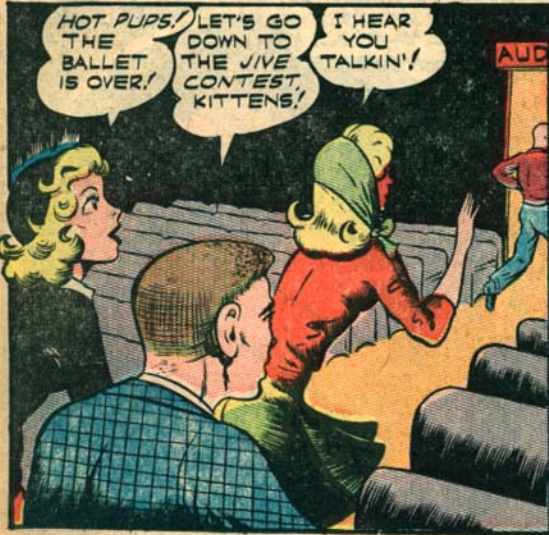
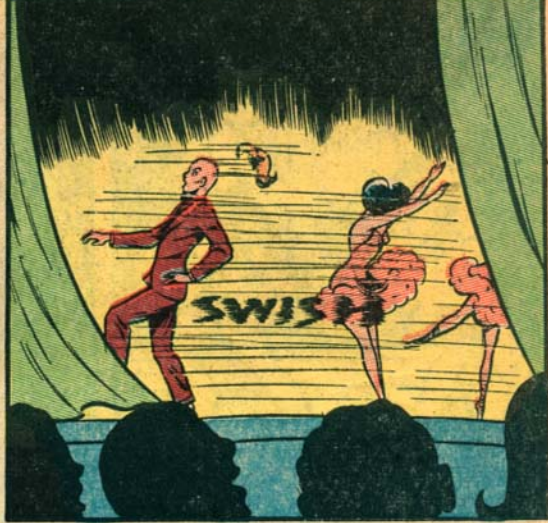
STOP THOSE RECORDS! THE BALLET IS RUINED!

I... I'LL STOP IT, PROFESSOR!

CAREFUL, GINGER! THAT'S NOT THE VICTROLA SWITCH.. THAT'S...







YOU CAN BE IN THE GROOVE TOO, GANG! GET YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS RIGHT NOW!!







# RED RUBE



*Bill Vigoda*





I PRESUME WE HAVE ALL MET OUR HERO, **RUEBEN!** FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T, LET ME GO BACK A BIT!! **RUEBEN** IS A YOUNG ORPHAN WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE ENDOWED WITH TREMENDOUS POWERS! BY CALLING, "**HEY RUBE**" THESE POWERS BECOME HIS! DURING HIS EXPLOITS HE HAS OBTAINED A JOB AS A CUB REPORTER ON THE DAILY SUN! NOW, READ ON...

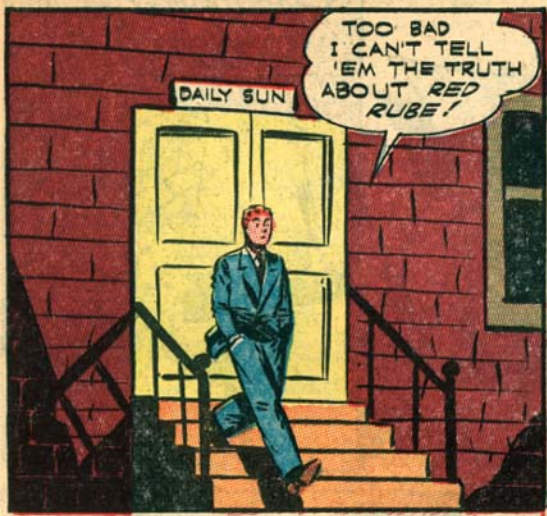
IN THE DAILY SUN'S LOCKER ROOM...



YOU SURE CAN SCOOP 'EM, RUBE!

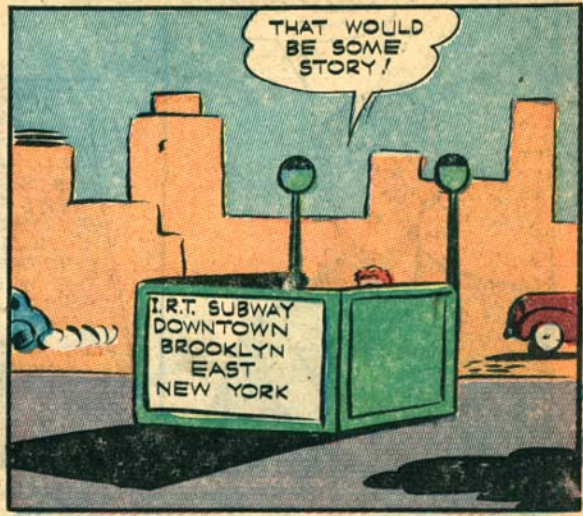


JUST LUCK, BOYS, JUST LUCK!

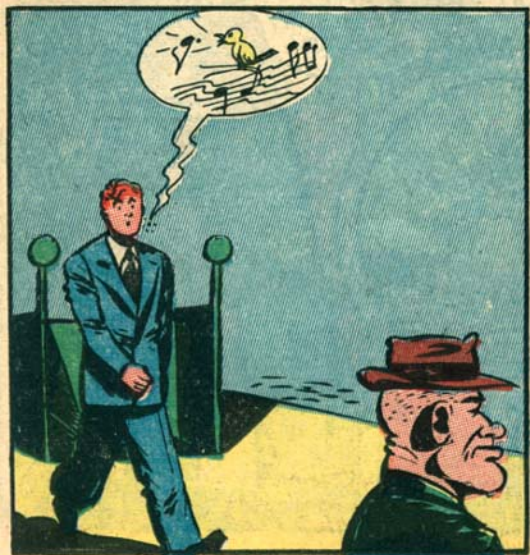


DAILY SUN

TOO BAD I CAN'T TELL 'EM THE TRUTH ABOUT RED RUBE!



THAT WOULD BE SOME STORY!

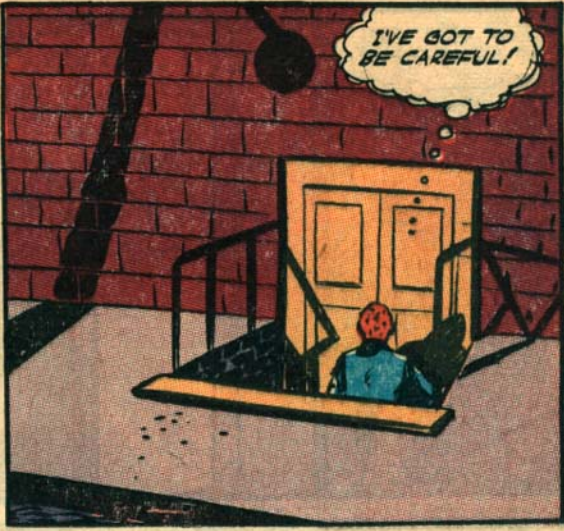


HEY! THAT MAN DROPPED SOMETHING!











I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLAN OF DER FUEHRER'S! IT CAN'T FAIL!



I'LL POSE AS A NAZI... AND TELL 'EM I WANT TO HELP THEM! THAT WAY I WILL FIND OUT ALL THEIR PLANS, AND TELL THE F.B.I. !!



EXCUSE ME!



A BRAT!... HOW DID HE GET THERE?



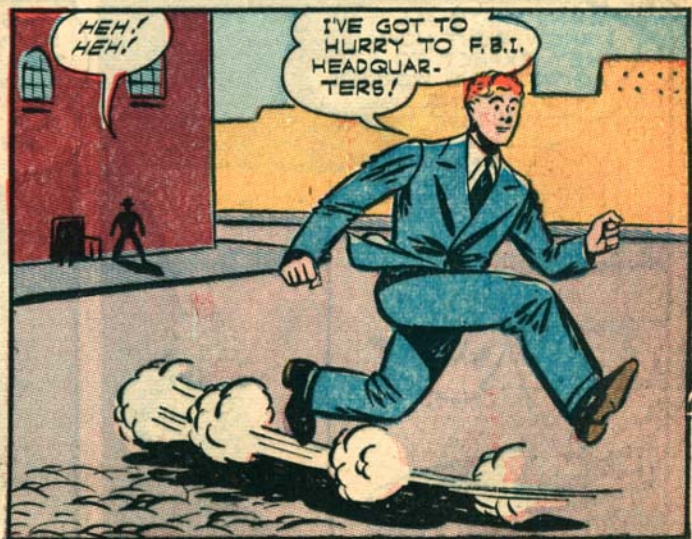
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?????



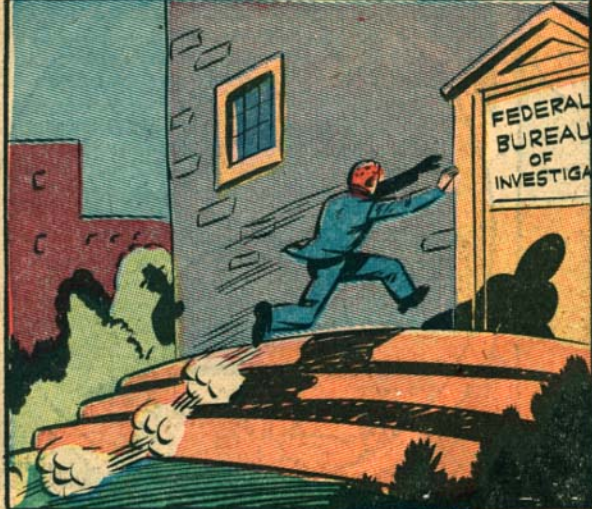
HE KNOWS EVERYTHING! HOLD HIM, MEN!













THE NEXT DAY, RUBE ARRIVES AT THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS...



HEIL HITLER!  
I'M READY FOR ORDERS!



GRAB HIM, MEN!



READY FOR ORDERS, EH? WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE READY FOR THE UNDERTAKER!



THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTSMART ME, EH? IT'S GOOD I HAD YOU FOLLOWED!



NOW, TO BUSINESS! LISTEN, MEN.. WE CAN STRIKE BEFORE THE F. B. I. COMES! BUT COME, LET US HURRY!



AS FOR YOU, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, WHEN WE COME BACK!



THIS LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEED SOME HELP! HEY RUBE!



WITH THAT  
CALL, POWERFUL  
FORCES ARE  
AWAKENED...



-- AND BEHOLD...! /

RED RUBE!



I'VE GOT NO  
TIME TO  
LOSE!



HELLO... F.B.I.  
HEADQUARTERS?  
THIS IS RUEBEN!  
GET OVER TO  
THE PLANT  
IMMEDIATELY!  
THERE'S TROUBLE!

.. MEANWHILE AT THE PLANT..

NOW IS OUR  
CHANCE TO STRIKE  
AGAINST THESE  
INJUSTICES!!  
WHAT DO YOU  
SAY, MEN?



THERE'S  
THE RATZI!



IF YOU  
MEN.. WH...  
HUH?  
OUCH!

LOOK AT  
THE FISH  
I GOT!



HEH!  
HEH!

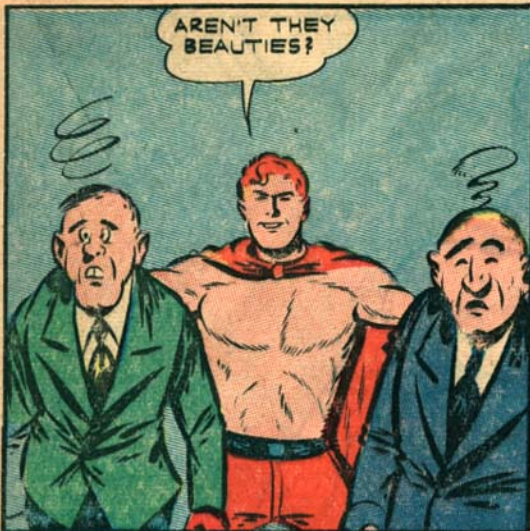


THAT  
BIG!

POW

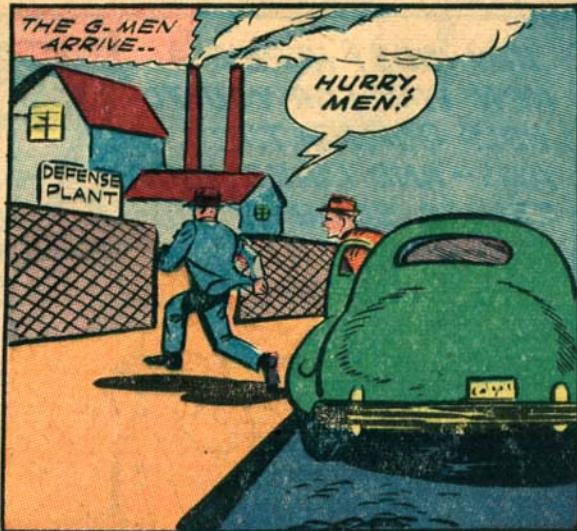


AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES?



THE G-MEN ARRIVE...

HURRY, MEN!



THERE'S RED RUBE!  
HOW DID HE GET HERE?



HELLO, CHIEF!  
I'VE GOT SOME INTERESTING SPECIMENS FOR YOU!!



THEY'RE MEMBERS OF THE SUPER-RACE!  
THEY'LL MAKE A FINE EXHIBIT!



THERE ARE MANY FIFTH COLUMNISTS  
POSING AS FRIENDS, IN THIS COUNTRY!  
SO DON'T LET YOURSELF BE FOOLED, KIDS!







HEY KIDS! HERE'S A  
NEW WAY FOR YOU TO  
HELP SCRAP THE  
AXIS- AND MAKE YOUR-  
SELVES SOME SPENDING  
MONEY AT  
THE SAME TIME

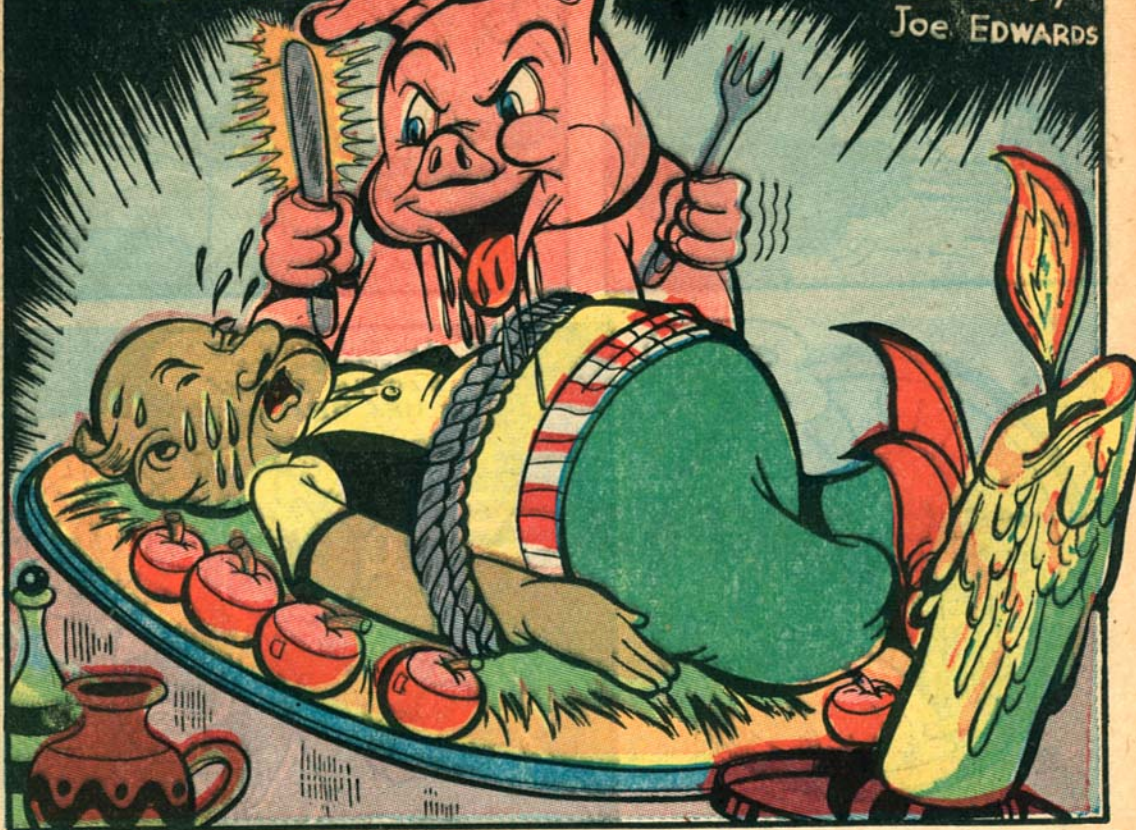
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT AS MIGHTY AS RED RUBE- BUT YOU CAN  
BE JUST AS SMART! DON'T THROW ANY PAPER OF ANY  
KIND AWAY! OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, PAPER BAGS,  
CARDBOARD BOXES. PAPER OF ANY KIND. SHAPE OR  
FORM SHOULD BE SAVED, TIED IN A BUNDLE AND SOLD,  
NOT GIVEN AWAY TO A PAPER SALVAGE STATION IN  
YOUR TOWN. YOUR SALVAGE STATION MIGHT BE YOUR  
SCHOOL OR BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, OR EVEN POLICE. BUT  
EVERY TOWN IS SURE TO HAVE ONE!

SO SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO SCRAP THE JAPS!



# CHIMPY

by  
Joe EDWARDS



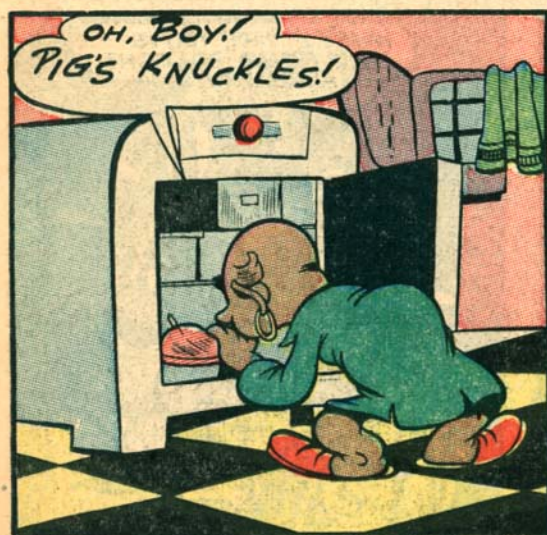
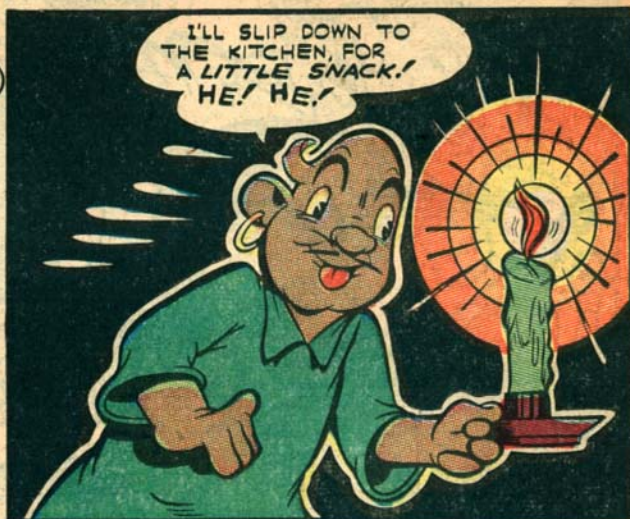
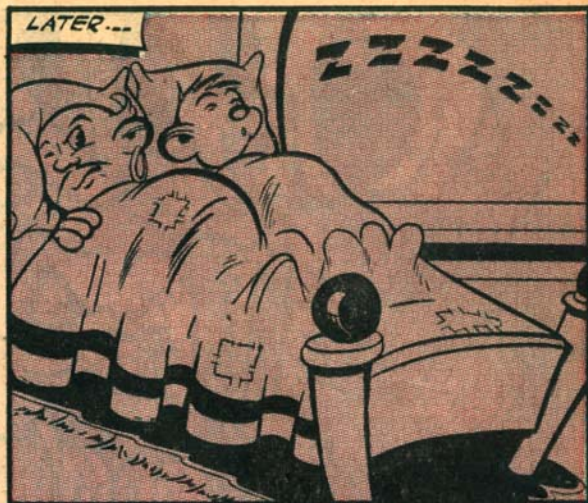
"WILL YOU PLEASE STOP STUFFING YOURSELF WITH THAT PORK, GENIE!"

"BUT I LOVE PORK, CHIMPY! IN FACT, HOW'S ABOUT ANOTHER PORTION!!"

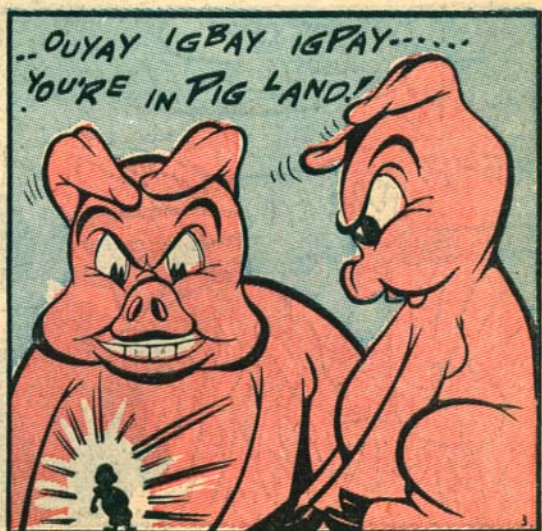
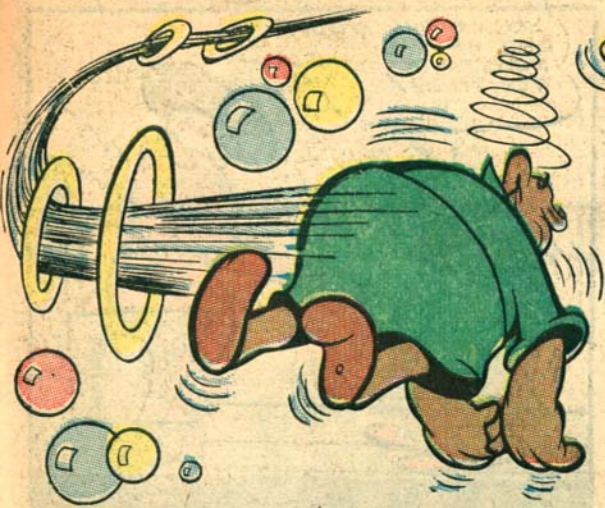
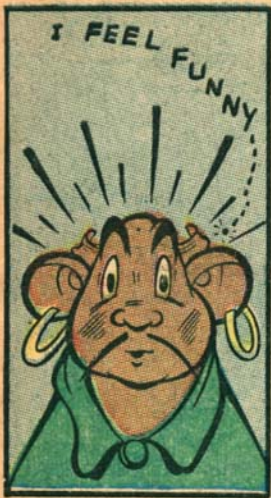


"WHAT? WHY, YOU'VE HAD FOUR PORTIONS ALREADY!"





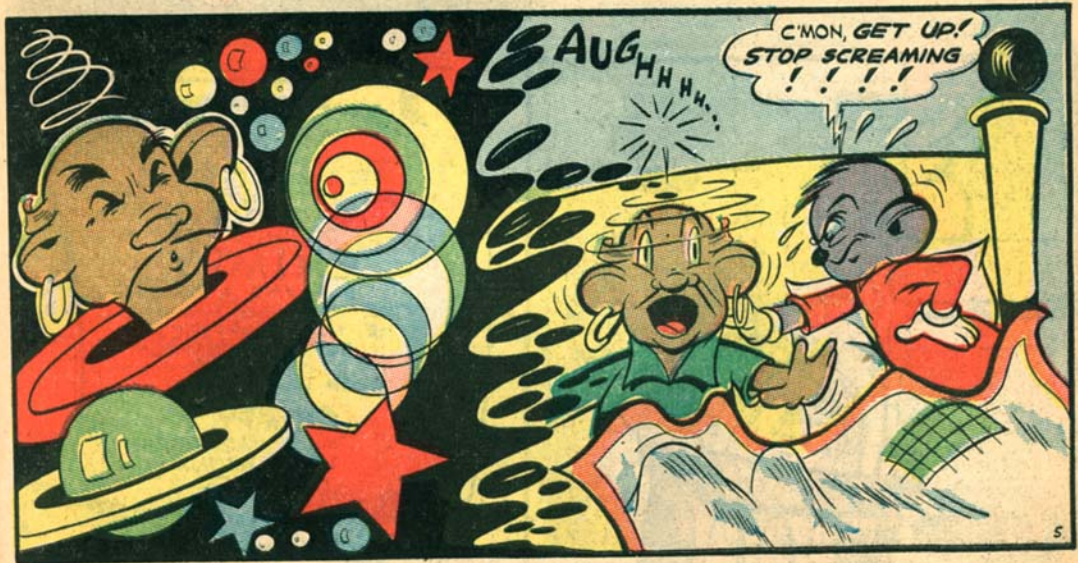
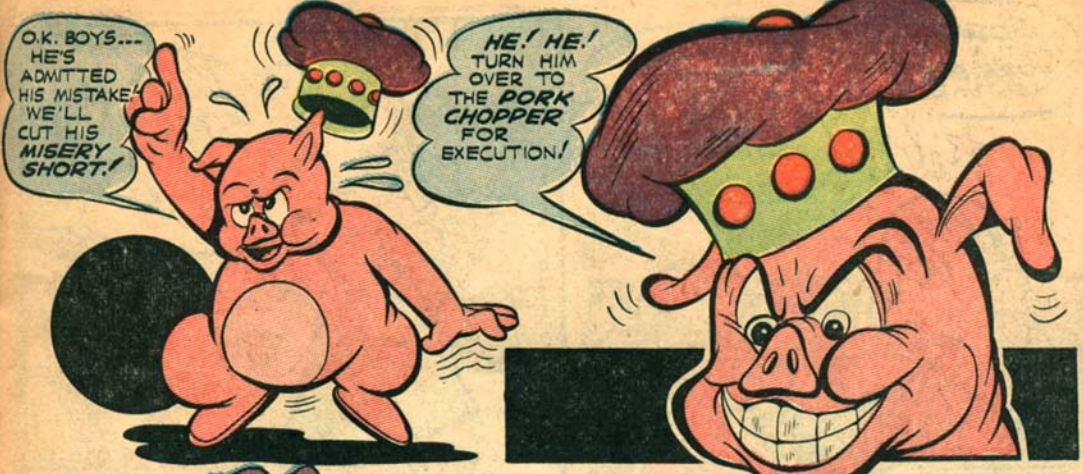




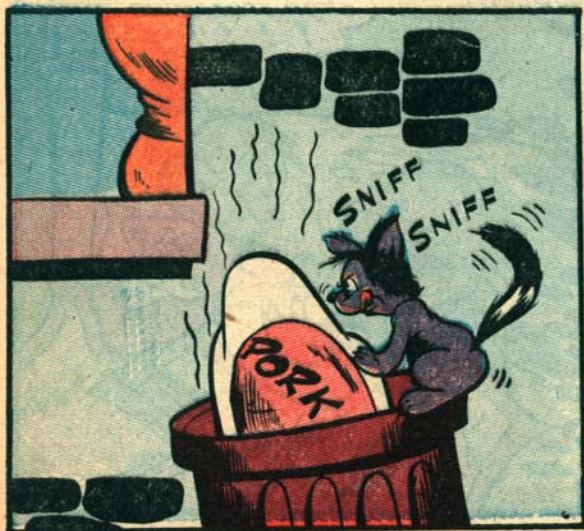
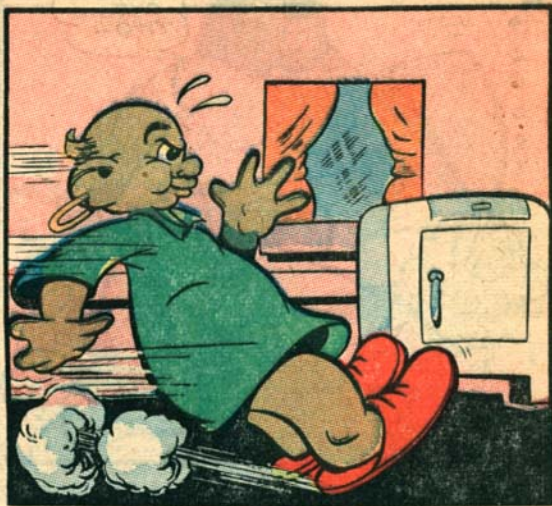
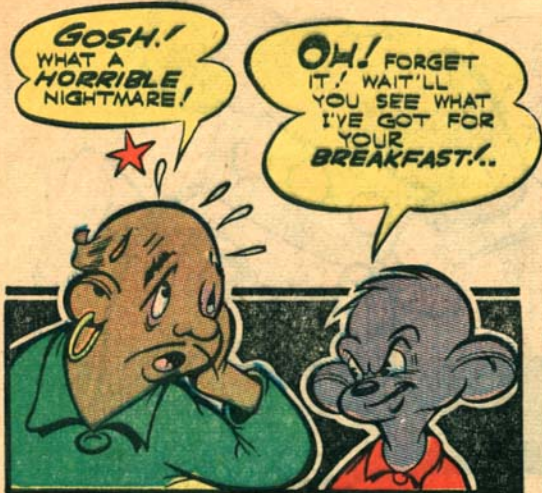












WELL, KIDS, **GENIE** SURE GETS INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE, DOESN'T HE? **CHIMPY** IS HAVING A TOUGH TIME HANDLING HIM, AND HE WOULD APPRECIATE SOME ADVICE FROM YOU!! DROP HIM A LINE...

**CHIMPY**  
M.L.J. MAGAZINES  
160 W. BROADWAY  
N.Y.C.



# Archie

is an **MLJ** feature

JUMPIN' GEE!!  
I WOULDN'T WANT  
TO BE IN ARCHIE'S  
PLACE FOR  
ANYTHING!

HA! HA! YEAH, HE  
SURE IS HOT  
STUFF!

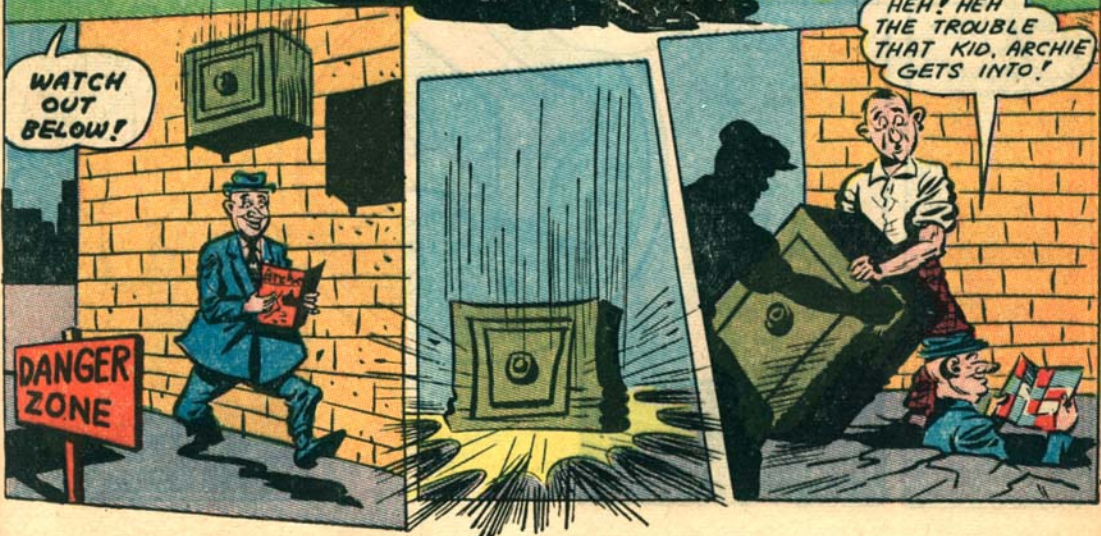
AN  
**MLJ**  
PUBLICATION



WATCH  
OUT  
BELOW!

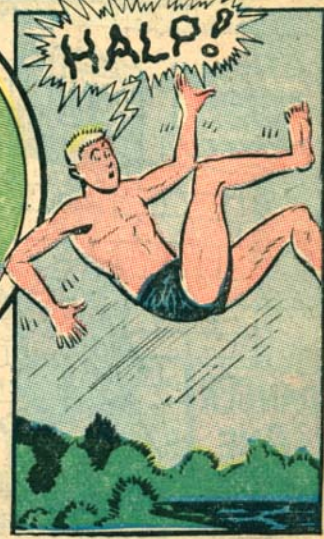
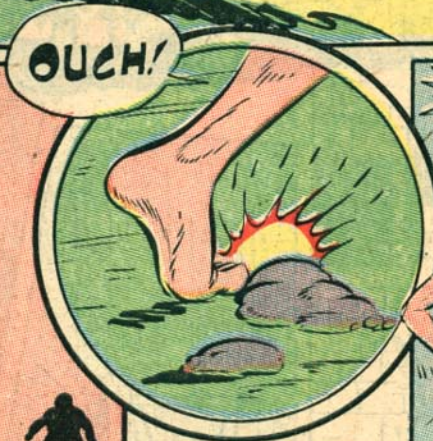
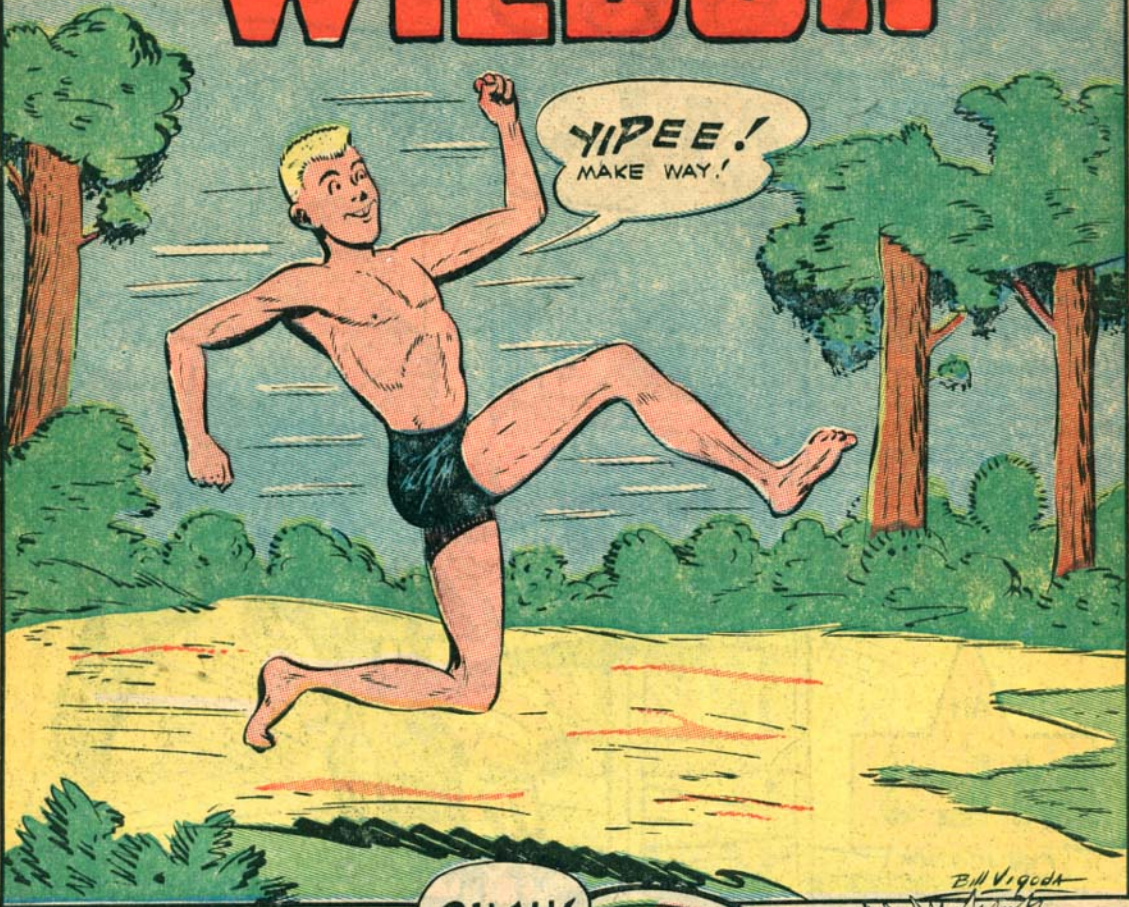
**DANGER  
ZONE**

HEH! HEH  
THE TROUBLE  
THAT KID, ARCHIE  
GETS INTO!





# WILBUR



**YIPPEE! WILBUR'S IN FLORIDA!** HIS FATHER, WHO IS THERE ON A BUSINESS TRIP TOOK HIM ALONG. BUT WILBUR'S GOING TO MAKE IT HIS BUSINESS TO HAVE FUN! AT THE MOMENT HE IS STAYING AT A BOYS CAMP...



Ed Vigeoda





MY WHAT A BEE-OOTIFUL DAY !!



TWEET

HELP!

OODS... ER... SORRY, MAM....

GLUB GLUB

YOUNG MAN... YOU HAD BETTER GO, WHILE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY!! GGRR...



OWWW.. I CAN'T WALK! I MAY AS WELL GO FISHING WHERE I CAN RELAX.... OWWW..



LATER-

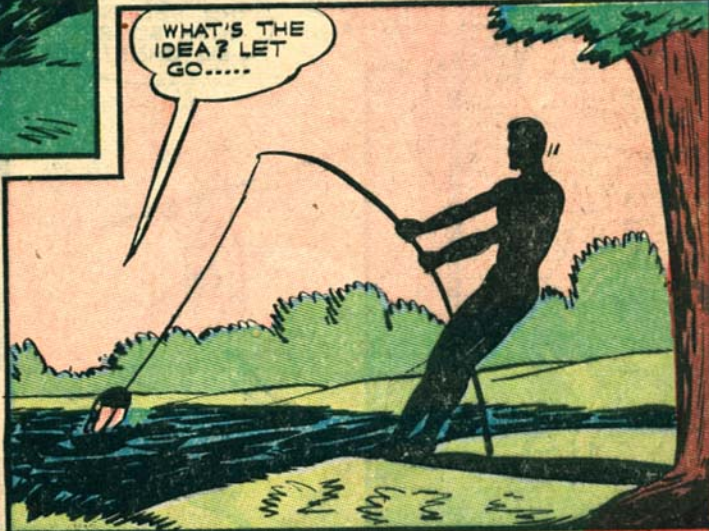
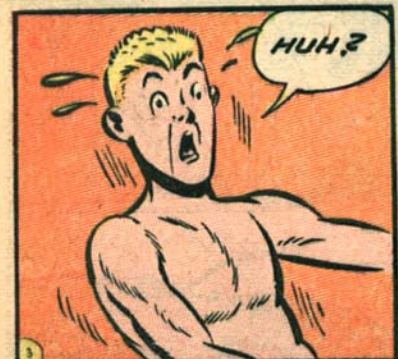
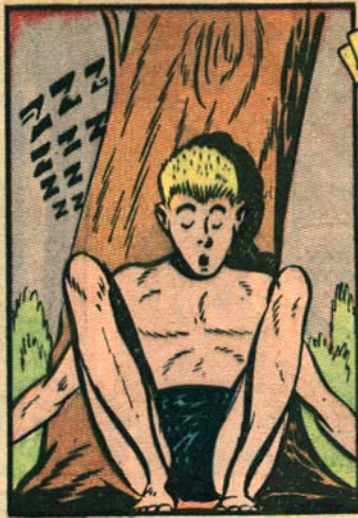
I'LL SURPRISE THE FELLERS WITH SOME BIG ONES!!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT! NOBODY'S FISHING HERE!

ABSOLUTELY NO FISHING









HEY!  
GLUB

OKAY MISTER...  
ER...  
GEE WHIZ



LATER, AT THE LUNCH TABLE...

SAY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, WILBUR? HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ALL MORNING!

ER.. I'VE BEEN FISHING! CAUGHT SOME BIG ONES TOO!



WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID?



YEH... IF YOU REALLY CAUGHT SOME, BRING 'EM OVER TONIGHT FOR DINNER!



HEH, HEH, THESE CHILDREN ARE FUN! AS I WAS SAYING, DURING MY VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA, I DISCOVERED A NEW SPECIE OF FISH.. I AM CONDUCTING A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS HERE WITH THEM!

WELL, SOLONG, FELLERS!



GEE, I JUST GOTTA GET A FISH!



I'LL TRY THE SAME SPOT... NO ONE COMES HERE...

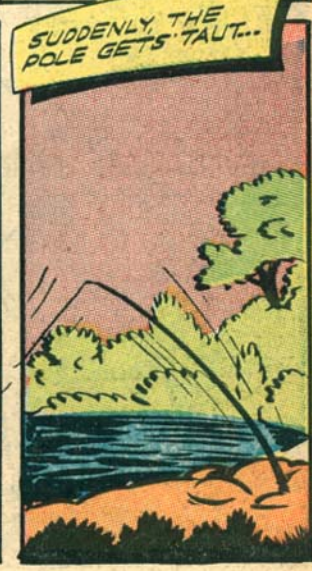


SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? CAN'T YOU READ THAT SIGN?



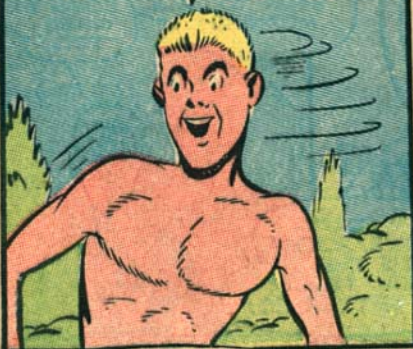
THE GAME WARDEN!



SUDDENLY, THE POLE GETS TAUT...



WOW!  
I'VE GOT A  
CATCH NOW!



I GOTTA  
GET ONE  
THIS TIME!



GEE!  
THIS MUST BE  
A WHOPPEROO!



HEY... WHAT THE...  
THE KID'S GOT A  
REAL SMACKERAL!



HOLD HIM!  
BRING HIM  
AROUND TO  
THE RIGHT!



THE RIGHT,  
DUMMY! THAT'S  
IT! SLOWLY NOW,  
S-L-O-W-L-Y...  
THAT'S IT---  
YOU GOT 'IM!

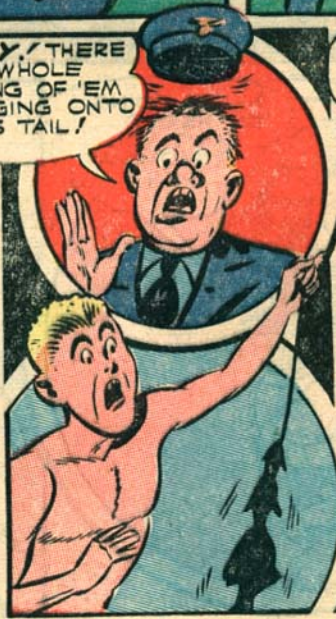


HE MUST BE  
A--AWWK!

AWWWK!  
HE'S A  
MIDGET!



HEY! THERE  
ARE A WHOLE  
STRING OF 'EM  
HANGING ONTO  
HIS TAIL!



REMEMBER NOW,  
DON'T TELL A  
SOUL THAT I WAS  
WITH YOU!

YES,  
SIR!





THAT EVENING IN THE CLUB HOUSE...

THE BIGGEST HAUL I'VE EVER SEEN!!

OKAY, MEN, LET'S EAT!

THANKS, FELLERS!

CONGRATULATIONS, WILBUR! THAT WAS A REAL CATCH!



UPLP!

HELP!

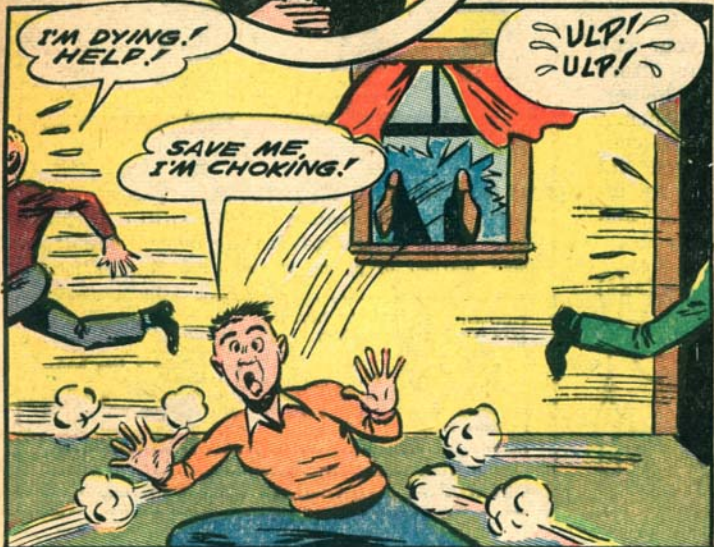


O-W-W-W-W

I'M DYING! HELP!

SAVE ME, I'M CHOKING!

UPLP! UPLP!



OH, PROFESSOR! WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT THOSE FISH YOU'RE EXPERIMENTING WITH?

OH, YES! VERY RARE SPECIES! I'VE STOCKED OUR LAKE WITH THEM, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT... I FEED THEM CASTOR OIL! THEY SEEM TO THRIVE ON THE STUFF!







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##### Part of Contents

#### SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

How to take care of your skin.  
Professional Make-up Tricks.  
Trends of Smart Hair-Styling.  
Nails can tell a tale; manicuring, pedicuring feet should be admired.  
Marriage, posture, walking, acting grace and ease.  
How to sit correctly?  
How you should weigh.  
Average Weights.  
How you are fat, how to reduce easily.  
How you are thin, putting on weight.  
How one have to exercise?  
How to bring personal cleanliness up to date; check list.  
How to care of your teeth.  
How much sleep do you need?  
Walks in Beauty.  
How to dress in a girl smartly dressed?  
Her type—never over-dressed—conscious of colors—yet with nerve and dash.  
How to effect certain optical illusions—appear taller or shorter, or rounder.  
How to be very short, here is how to do; fabrics, colors, styles to wear; accessories. Act in manners, too.  
How to dress if you are very tall.  
How you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do.  
How to do. Don't wear tight fitting hats, small things. Here are colors, fabrics, styles for normal figure woman; how to be the most becoming clothes; how to mix with what.  
How to bring your wardrobe, planning.  
How to build around what you most, adding endless varieties are important relations for being well-groomed.  
How men don't like in women's grooming.  
How to achieve that well-dressed look that makes people notice you.

#### SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedias; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal!
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to hardie the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or improvising? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume," etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and minimize them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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